

1859

1909

An Historical Sketch of the
Georgetown Rifle Guards
And as Co. A of the Tenth Regiment, So. Ca.
Volunteers, in the Army of the
Confederate States



Delivered at the Dedication of the Company's
Armory, Georgetown, So. Ca.
November 17th, 1909



By S. EMANUEL
A Member of the Company

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ROLL OF COMPANY "A"
of the
TENTH REGIMENT
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS
in the
Army of the Confederate States

CAPTAINS

Plowden, C. J. Weston, elected Lt.-Gov. So. Ca.
C. C. White, wounded at Atlanta, and disabled.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

A. J. Shaw, promoted Major, 1861.
S. W. Rouquie, resigned, 1862.
C. C. White, prom. Capt. for distinguished gallantry.
O. P. Richardson, mort. Wd. Atlanta, July 22, 1864.
C. J. Coe, resigned 1862.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

C. C. White, promoted First Lieutenant.
O. P. Richardson, promoted First Lieutenant.
J. P. Richardson, wd., Atlanta, July 28th, disabled Chickamauga.
J. L. Easterling, wd. Atlanta, July 28th; disabled, wd. Murfreesboro.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

C. C. White, promoted Second Lieutenant, 1862.
J. P. Richardson, promoted Second Lieutenant.
J. F. LeRebour, killed at Atlanta, July 22, 1864, wd., Chickamauga.
F. R. Haselden, promoted to Second Lieutenant, 1865.

SERGEANTS.

J. F. LeRebour, promoted First Sergeant.
F. R. Haselden, promoted First Sergeant, 1864.
W. S. Porter, transferred to Signal Corps.
R. C. Wallace, discharged, 1862.
E. Emanuel, died, Oxford, Miss., 1862.
E. C. Ellis, wd. July 22, Atlanta, lost right arm.
H. Newman
E. W. Haselden
T. J. Harrison, killed at Murfreesboro.

CORPORALS.

E. Emanuel, promoted Sergeant.
E. W. Haselden
W. F. Shaw, transferred.
N. B. Clarkson, detached, Engineer Corps.
J. H. Detyens, discharged, 1863; under age.
S. E. Lucas, prom. Major, and Brigade Commissary.
T. Alex. Mathews, killed July 22nd, Atlanta.
B. A. Deal, wd. July 22, 1864.

BUGLER.

C. Tabler, missing.

PRIVATES.

I. Alexander, detached to Ordnance Dept. of Regt.
Clarence R. Anderson, transferred to Navy.
M. J. Bailey, detached, Ordnance Department.
F. S. Barth, died.
E. Blakeley, discharged.
J. L. Blakeley, detached, Engineer Corps.
R. O. Bush, discharged, transferred to Navy.
O. J. Butts, transferred to Gov't Machine Shop.
O. Bonneau
T. J. Bourne, died at Macon, Miss. Wounded.
James Bostick.
J. P. Bessant, transferred to Co. "M."
J. F. Beckman, wounded at Corinth, Miss.; discharged.
J. J. Bryan, detached.
W. T. Capers, promoted Chaplain of Regt.
J. G. Chadwick, died.
G. R. Congdon, promoted Quarter-Master Sergeant.
R. F. Collins, died at South Island.
E. Cribb.
N. Cribb, died at South Island.
W. A. D. Croft, discharged.
D. F. Cannon, died in Hospital.
G. Cook, killed, Atlanta, July 22, 1864.
D. M. Cook, wounded, Chickamauga.
T. B. Cook.
I. M. Cook, captured at Murfreesboro; not returned.
W. J. Clarkson, wounded, Murfreesboro; discharged.
Q. L. Cooper, elected Sheriff; discharged.
S. C. Davis, captured, Missionary Ridge.
J. C. Deal, discharged, over age.
B. A. Deal.
W. H. Deal.
J. C. Dennis.
J. W. Durant, discharged.
J. L. Easterling, promoted Second Lieutenant.
E. C. Ellis, wounded, Atlanta, July 22nd; disabled.
G. L. Ellis, wounded, Chickamauga, and at Atlanta.
St. John, P. Ellis, discharged, over age.
D. J. Elliott.
Z. P. Elliott.
Washington Emanuel, died of wounds, Atlanta, July 28th.
S. Emanuel.
E. Exun.
S. S. Fraser, discharged.
E. Fryer.
W. A. Gasque, discharged.
S. K. Gasque, discharged.
J. W. Graham, promoted Assistant Surgeon.
S. D. Guilds, wd. Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Atlanta, July 22,
1864.
W. G. Gamble, wd. at Corinth; kd. at Bentonville, N. C.
J. Gamble, wounded and elected Sheriff; discharged.
T. J. Harrison, killed, Murfreesboro'
S. Harper.
S. Hennesy, wounded at Chickamauga.
H. W. Heisenbottel, died.
A. G. Heriot, detached from Company.
J. E. Holmes, wd. Murfreesboro', Atlanta, Franklin.
Caleb Howell.

S. Howell.
 W. J. Howard, died.
 E. K. Howard, died.
 S. B. Holliday, died.
 J. Hucks.
 Daniel Johnston.
 J. H. Johnson, promoted to be ordnance sergt.
 E. A. Johnson.
 J. S. June, killed, Atlanta, July 22nd.
 A. M. Jaudon, died.
 W. H. J. Lawrimore, wounded Atlanta.
 Henry D. Lequex, detached.
 Thomas Lane, detached Gov't Armory.
 Henry Lucas, detached from Company.
 O. S. Marlow, died.
 Alexander McCants
 J. W. McCormick, wounded, Murfreesboro' and Atlanta.
 William E. McNulty, detached, Quartermaster Dept.
 Alexis McNulty, promoted Sergeant-Major.
 J. Murrow
 J. C. McDougall, died.
 Frank S. McCants, killed, Nashville.
 D. M. Michau, discharged, 1862.
 John J. Morris, wounded, Atlanta.
 J. McLawhon, wounded, Atlanta and Chickamauga.
 Samuel D. McClary, discharged, 1862.
 James McMulken, killed, Murfreesboro'
 W. W. Marree, wounded at Missionary Ridge.
 W. Soulbey Nurse, promoted Hospital Steward.
 Langdon C. Newman, promoted Sergeant.
 W. Capers Ogburn, wounded, Chickamauga.
 W. R. Peal.
 Edwin T. Porter, wounded, Chickamauga and Murfreesboro'
 James H. Porter, promoted Lieutenant Company "C"
 Louis H. Pipkin, wounded, Franklin.
 Isaac Rhodes.
 A. Jackson Richardson, discharged, over age.
 Joseph J. Richardson, captured, Missionary Ridge.
 Edward Rodgers.
 L. N. Rowe.
 S. A. Sellars, discharged.
 G. W. Stalvey, transferred to Engineer Corps.
 J. P. Stalvey, died.
 A. Stalvey, died.
 W. F. Stalvey.
 W. Stanners, wounded, Chickamauga.
 James C. Small, discharged.
 A. B. Skipper, died of wounds, Chickamauga.
 R. W. Sing, wounded, Atlanta.
 Wiley R. Shelley, wounded, Atlanta.
 LeGrand G. W. Shaw, promoted Ensign, arm resected Atlanta,
 July 28, '64.
 Isaac D. Singletary, wounded, Atlanta.
 James Sloan, detached.
 John R. Smith.
 John W. Tarbox, promoted Ordnance Sergeant.
 J. B. Thomas, captured, Missionary Ridge.
 Rollin C. Ward, wounded, Chickamauga.
 A. R. Walker, captured Missionary Ridge.
 A. West.
 J. D. West, wounded, Chickamauga, captured at Atlanta.
 W. H. West, captured, Murfreesboro'
 Charles A. Williams, discharged.
 G. W. Williams, died.
 A. W. Williams.

Thomas E. Williamson, killed, Murfreesboro'
F. W. Wilson, transferred to Navy.
Guerdon F. S. Wright, wd. at Atlanta, promoted Engineer in Navy,
1865.

D. H. Wise.

J. Leonard Ward, detached, Hospital Steward.

John Wilson, wd. Murfreesboro', transferred to Navy.

As to the correctness of the roll of the Company, I will quote from a passage in General Walker's Historical Sketch of the 10th South Carolina Regiment published by him in 1881, from which this roll is taken. "The information for the Rolls was derived from survivors of the companies. Through the kindness of Capt. W. J. M. Lee, a roll of the Regiment, as it stood in November, 1861, was used as a basis. This was set in type, and proofs of the various companies, rolls sent to the survivors, most apt to be posted on the history of the Company—generally its last Commander. These proofs were corrected and sent out again and again until all apparent errors were corrected, and while the author is sure that the absolute correctness has not been reached, yet he feels that there are comparatively few errors. From those affected by any such he asks a kind forbearance, and begs that they will feel that he has done all possible to prevent them."

Upon being introduced by Colonel S. Mortimer Ward, Mr. Emanuel addressed the audience as follows:

Colonel Ward, Comrades of the Georgetown Rifle Guards,

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The anniversary of the birth of an individual, of a society, of a place, has in all ages, and in civilized countries, been observed with certain ceremonials commensurate with the importance of the events to be commemorated.

Therefore, my friends and comrades, we are here today to mark the 50th anniversary of your company, to which this community gave birth and nurtured into healthful existence at the most tragic period in its history. Year after year has it faced new and perplexing issues, passing successfully through every human ordeal that could test its strength and efficiency, finding itself growing old in honorable and patriotic service to the State, to the community, and true to itself. It is with pardonable pride that it points to its historic past and to its present vigorous life, and now for the first time in its history to be the possessor of its own commodious and attractive home. In facing the future, to enable it to live up to its

traditions it invokes the aid and sympathy of all who have a common interest in its welfare to so encourage its material growth that when it shall have attained its 100th anniversary it may not only be hoary with age, but crowned with increased honors in token of a century of unexcelled public service, faithfully performed and honorably achieved.

The disturbed condition of the country during the latter years of the fifties made it necessary in Southern communities where no military organization existed that, for the maintenance of good order, one such company should be equipped and fostered—later, when the war clouds hung menacingly over our beloved land, the wisdom of having created such bodies was amply justified by the results that followed. A fine infantry company, known as the Washington Grays, well equipped and handsomely uniformed, of which some of our fathers were members, had existed some years previously, but had for some time past been out of commission. Hence, early in 1859, a number of our foremost citizens organized a company here, known as the Georgetown Rifle Guards. Of its charter members there is perhaps but one alive today, and he our esteemed friend and comrade, Stephen W. Rouquie, who contributed largely in means and in personal service to its formation and to the high standard of efficiency it attained.

Officers Elected.

The company elected as its officers Richard Green White, captain; Archibald J. Shaw, first lieutenant; Stephen W. Rouquie, second lieutenant; Calvin J. Coe, junior second lieutenant; E. Albert Thomas, first sergeant; J. Preston Richardson, second sergeant; Frederick R. Haselden, third sergeant; Richard C. Wallace, fourth sergeant; W. Scott Porter, first corporal; Edwin Emanuel, second corporal; S. Eubank Lucas, third corporal; William F. Shaw, fourth corporal; W. Soulbey Nurse, secretary and treasurer.

Capt. White was essentially a military man, a graduate of the Citadel Academy at Charleston. Under his untiring and able instruction, assisted by others of the company, who likewise enjoyed the advantage of military training, the command yielded readily to the teachings of its instructors, so that in a comparatively short time it was enabled to make a creditable appearance on our streets. The company's armory was on the lower floor

of the Masonic Hall, then located on Broad street, opposite the Episcopal church. The uniform of the company was a single-breasted blue broadcloth coat, with palmetto buttons down front, on cuffs, and back of skirt, as is usual; a roll or puff on the shoulders, trimmed with gold lace for non-commissioned officers and privates, gold epaulets for commissioned officers; regulation hats of blue, palmetto tree in front, plumes of blue and white for commissioned, pompons for non-commissioned officers and privates. Swords and sashes were also worn by sergeants. Pants of white or black, according to season. It made a neat and attractive uniform. The company was armed alternately with the Mississippi and Harper's Ferry rifles, and was drilled in Hardee's light infantry and Scott's heavy infantry tactics. Later an expert teacher in the zouave drill was employed to instruct the company. A drum and fife corps led by George Douglas, a worthy and respected colored barber, furnished music for the company. His favorite air was "Walk in the Light," so often played that a very staid member of the company, Joseph Tuttle, dryly remarked that if he were in hell and heard that tune he would know the Rifle Guards were coming.

The Anniversary

The company's anniversary, the first day of May, was observed by a parade and target practice at dear old Serenity. Valuable prizes were awarded the successful contestants. Some excellent scores were made. Events at that time were moving rapidly. Abraham Lincoln had been elected president. The State of South Carolina had sent representatives to a convention which had passed the Ordinance of Secession. The legislature in session, near the end of December, 1860, called for ten regiments of volunteers for State defense. Patriotism ran high then. The Rifle Guards were kept busy drilling and in doing escort duty. The company's zealous officers redoubled their efforts to perfect the efficiency of the Guards, so that in the event of war resulting it would be on a footing capable of upholding the dignity of the town and district whose proud name it bore. How well it sustained the people's hopes and expectations the sequel has shown. The Georgetown Rifle Guards tendered its services to the State of South Carolina January 2, 1861, was accepted and ordered to garrison duty at the South Island redoubt February 4th, following. Life there consisted in drilling in the manual of the company and in heavy artillery, using the heavy guns with which the fortification was

equipped, and in performing all other duties pertaining to troops in time of war. Notwithstanding the rigid discipline maintained, the social side of life at the post had a delightful aspect. The frequent Sunday menu of turkey and its accompaniments, assisted down with champagne—contributions from Private Weston—were later on pathetically referred to on occasions when a pone of corn-bread made of unsifted meal, and without salt or grease, helped down with not always palatable or healthy water, became luxuries.

It was while stationed at South Island, and in the spring of 1861, that several members of the Guards, desiring more active service, joined the Washington Light Infantry, then about to become Company A of the Hampton Legion. Their comrades grieved to part with them, and whilst also longing for more active service, determined to stand by their command and share its fate. Those who joined the Washington Light Infantry were:

E. Albert Thomas, who became captain of that company, was thrice wounded and survived the war.

W. Alston Henning, who became a lieutenant in the same company and was killed at Campbell's station.

William H. Cuttino, who served the cause faithfully
J. R. Chapin, killed at first Manassas.

James R. Smith, killed at Gaine's Farm, 1862.

T. H. Smith, died in Richmond, 1862.

Solomon S. Verner, served the war through with great credit to himself, and returned home.

There were other gallant spirits from Georgetown who went with the Washington Light Infantry to Virginia, but there is no available record of their having been members of the Rifle Guards. Among those were: F. S. Coachman, E. F. Coachman, S. Coachman, Charles S. Atkinson, A. O. Atkinson, J. A. Atkinson, William H. Ford, T. S. Ford.

Relieved From Duty.

On April 25, 1861, the Rifle Guards were relieved from garrison duty at South Island and ordered to Camp Marion, near Georgetown. On May 31 thereafter it became Company A of the 10th South Carolina regiment, Col A. M. Manigault.

When several of its members were promoted to regimental positions, viz.: Capt. R. G. White to be major, Private Rev. William T. Capers to be chaplain, Private Joseph H. Johnson to be ordnance sergeant, Private W. S. Nurse to be hospital steward.

Private Plowden C. J. Weston was then unanimously

elected captain of Company A to succeed Capt. White. Capt. Weston lost no time in acquainting himself with the duties of his office and of the needs of his company. Supplying them as he did lavishly from his private purse, through his munificence not only did he present to his company 155 English Enfield rifles, their accoutrements and knapsacks, but also material for two serviceable uniforms, one for summer, the other for winter wear. Capt. Weston also assisted companies elsewhere in procuring their equipment, and in the incipency of the war he sent a check for \$5,000 to the State ordnance department, a part of which was invested in perhaps the first rifle gun made in this country, manufactured by Cameron & McDurmid of Charleston. The name of Capt. Weston was placed on the gun as a compliment to that noble patriot. This gun, it is said, is, or was, in possession of the Washington Artillery of Charleston. On July 19 Company A, with the Tenth South Carolina regiment, volunteered into the services of the Confederate States of America. During the summer of 1861 the ranks of Company A had been largely augmented by Capt. Weston having recruited it from Williamsburg, Horry and our own districts. Some of the best, bravest and most devoted soldiers in Company A were those who came to it from our sister districts. Company A took with it to the regiment its drum and fife corps as follows: Musicians (colored): George Douglas, fifer; John Wilson, drummer; Samuel Johnson, drummer; Henry Johnson, drummer.

Capt. Weston had uniformed and attached to his company a pioneer corps composed of four of his able-bodied and most trusted servants, by name: Flander, Caesar, Cooper, Cudjoe, who, armed with pick, axes and spade, moved in advance of the company when on the march to clear its path of obstructions.

Company and Regiment.

In reviewing the services of a single company only, whilst much will have to be omitted that would prove interesting if recorded, because of lack of time and space, yet it will be impossible to separate the services of the company entirely from those of the regiment, of which it was a part. Neither is it desirable to do this, since, had it not been for the mutual dependence of each company upon the other, and upon the regiment as an entirety, then the success achieved by Company A could never have been attained. Therefore, we gratefully make our acknowledgments to those other fine companies, each

one of which contributed so well its part to the splendid record made by the Tenth South Carolina regiment: To Company B, under its first captain and organizer, J. H. Norman, afterwards led by that splendid soldier, intrepid officer and unswerving patriot, W. J. Tolar; Company C, Capt. A. H. Johnson; Company D, Capt. Z. Godbold; Company E, J. F. Carraway; Company F, E. Miller; Company G, Capt. Samuel Bell; Company H, Capt. J. H. Nettles; Company I, Capt. H. M. Lofton; Company K, Capt. Julius T. Porcher; Company L, Capt. S. E. McMillan; Company M, Capt. W. H. Taylor—all of them the highest type of the patriot, soldier and Carolinian, officers worthy of the confidence of their commands.

Gen. Walker, in his sketch of the regiment, says: In August the regiment was transferred to the Confederate government; here it lost the services of Major White. First Lieut. A. J. Shaw of Company A, all of his superior officers waiving rank in his favor, was promoted to be major. This period was devoted into moulding the raw recruits into trained and disciplined soldiers, but was indebted, like many others, for its excellence in drill and discipline to the South Carolina Military academy. During their vacation Cadets W. B. McKee, L. R. Starke, M. S. Elliott, A. Doty, Jr., J. M. Taylor, John C. Neill generously devoted their tactical knowledge to the benefit of the regiment. Cadet Neill was assigned to Company A. A strong attachment sprang up between him and the company. When his duties were ended Company A presented him with a testimonial of its appreciation of his services, and of the high esteem in which he was held as an officer and a gentleman. It was said that when on another of his vacations Cadet Neill went into battle as a volunteer when he was killed; no son of South Carolina made a nobler sacrifice at her altar.

Cadet Starke at one period of the war served the Tenth as its adjutant. While the regiment was in camp of instruction, a report came that the enemy was landing troops on one of the Waccamaw beaches. Col. Manigault promptly took Company A, with one other company from the regiment, and the Georgetown artillery, Capt. James G. Henning, with its guns. (This company was composed of the older men of the community. In its ranks were the fathers of many of Company A.) The expedition went up the Waccamaw river as far as Hagely, where it landed and took up the march across the neck to meet and engage the enemy. Before reaching its destination the battalion learned their services were not needed, so was or-

dered to retrace its steps. Capt. Weston in the meantime had invited the detachment of more than 150 men to dine with him at Hagely, and had sent a messenger to his palatial home with instructions to have the meal in readiness upon the arrival of the troops there. The following quotations from the recollections of one high in Confederate official authority as well as he is dear to the hearts of many survivors, who was present, thus conservatively describes it. He says: Col. Manigault accepted the pressing invitation. Capt. Weston was entirely unprepared, yet from the resources of his palatial home he served a course dinner to the entire party. He seated all in his house, had table capacity, silver, crockery, servants, provisions for the impromptu affair. He had as large a heart as the occasion called for. Think of the stupendous undertaking and the lavish hospitality of dining more than 150 men and giving them a really fine dinner without a moment's warning! It was a feat unknown to our American resources and on a par with the feudal entertainments of the great lords of Europe, he says. I may add that the wines furnished there were of the rarest, and were plentiful.

On the 15th of December, 1861, Company A was again ordered to South Island, where it did garrison duty during that winter. Much heavy artillery practice was indulged in, as well as rifle practice. One of the few incidents occurring to relieve the monotony of life there was one day the appearance of a large steamship off the bar, evidently intent upon coming in. A high spring tide favored her doing so. Supposing her to be one of the enemy's ships, the troops were summoned, the big guns manned, and all eager for battle. On she came until, when almost within reach of our shot, we discovered that it was our own ship, the Nashville. Soon after she threw to the breeze the stars and bars of our beloved young Confederacy, which was greeted with applause from men on fort and ship alike. The Nashville having run the blockade from Liverpool, was destined for Port Royal, then in the hands of the enemy. She then ran into Beaufort, finding that place threatened, came out at night: Charleston being closely guarded by the blockading squadron, she could not get in there, and was followed by some of the blockaders to Georgetown, where the Nashville made a safe harbor. It was on this voyage that the gifted and heroic F. W. Dawson, leaving kindred friends and country, though but a mere youth, endured hardships, dangers and privations in coming here to assist us

in battling for our holy cause. How gallantly he fought in the field the history of his command will tell, but the hardest battle fought by him and the greatest victory he won was that of his pen, powerfully and incessantly wielded for the redemption of South Carolina from a condition infinitely worse than was the war itself. South Carolina especially, and the entire South, owe Francis Warrington Dawson a debt of everlasting gratitude for services voluntarily given her, the importance of which future generations will appreciate and honor. Capt. Dawson, in an article in "Our Women in the War," page 476, has this to say of the midshipman, Willie Hamilton, who was placed in command of the Nashville after she reached Georgetown. He says: "The writer only knew Mr. Hamilton while he was on the Nashville from Southampton to Beaufort, in the winter of 1861 to 1862, but then conceived an enduring admiration for him. Mr. Hamilton was then but a little more than 16 years of age, gallant, amiable, courteous; he was a model officer, and his career proved him to be a model man. His services in the Confederate navy terminated only with the war. He died in 1875. In the willingness with which he began at the foot of the ladder when the war ended and in the perseverance with which he combatted adverse fortune, he set a noble example to the Carolinians of his day. A knightly soul was he, and the pity of it is that so little can ever be known in this world of a character so limpid, so generous, so lofty and so true. When the spring of 1862 was ushered in, it found the regiment recovering from mumps, measles and typhoid fever. It was soon after ordered to Charleston, marching to Mount Pleasant and going into camp there. Furloughs were given some of the men, but were speedily revoked, as orders came for the regiment to report at once to Gen. Beauregard at Corinth, Miss., for which point Company A, with the regiment, left on the 12th of April, 1862. The command received an ovation along its entire route from the noble women of our own and sister States. Arriving at Corinth on April 25 and 26, the regiment was assigned a position some miles to the front, where early in May it engaged the enemy, receiving its baptism of fire. In a letter written by that great war correspondent, F. G. DeFontine, known as Personne, dated Corinth, Miss., May 15, 1862, after describing the engagement more generally, he says:

"Lieut. White of Capt. Plowden Weston's company in Manigault's regiment, was struck in the head and

knocked down and stunned for a few moments while in the act of sighting his own Maynard, but he afterwards resumed his own beligerent rights, and at least three of the enemy were made to bite the dust by his own unerring fire during the day. Capt. Weston himself was on the field and acted with the coolness of a veteran soldier; balls tore up the earth around his feet and cut the limbs above his head, yet his most intimate friends would have discovered no difference between the calm imperturbable soldier on the field of strife and the dignified gentleman whose society they had enjoyed at his princely home on the Waccamaw. I heard many encomiums passed on the conduct of the Carolinians by those who watched them closely, and am proud to say that, notwithstanding this was their maiden fight, not a man of them flinched from the bloody duty before them. I might mention dozens of instances of almost reckless bravery on the part of individuals, but where all did so well it would be invidious to make solitary distinctions." Here it was that J. Frank Beckman received a wound, perhaps the first of the company to be wounded, though William G. Gamble, afterwards killed at Bentonville, was among those of Company A early wounded at Corinth. The company's next engagement was the battle of Farmington, Miss., where it acquitted itself creditably. On the 29th of May, 1862, Gen. Beauregard evacuated Corinth, taking position at Tupelo, Miss. This movement was made necessary by the devastation disease had wrought in the ranks of his army, running up into thousands was the death rate, while the sick at Corinth amounted to about 17,000. After the affair at Boonville, where the federal cavalry captured a large number of our sick, afterwards retaken by our cavalry. Nothing of especial importance occurred until, on July 6, when the army was removed to Saltillo, Miss., where it remained until July 30, when it moved by rail to Chattanooga, Tenn., preparatory to the Kentucky campaign under Gen. Braxton Bragg. On August 25 the Tennessee river was crossed at Stevenson on pontoon bridges, one of the most inspiring scenes, and enthusiastic movements made by that heroic army during its entire career, and on the 30th was begun that memorable march that knew no faltering until the Ohio river had been reached. Company A took part in several engagements on that campaign, notably the capture of a stronghold at Mumfordsville, with its garrison of 5,000 or more splendidly equipped soldiers and with the entire equipage of the fort; also in the battle of

Perryville. Whilst the losses from battle in this campaign were not as large as those of some others, the suffering to man and beast alike, from the long and rapid marches, want of food, shoes and clothing, were very great. Col. Walker in his sketch relates this incident: While at Mumfordsville, Capt. Weston's company was on the picket line under a pretty sharp fire; every man was expected to protect himself as far as possible by seeking the cover of a friendly tree when near one. I was sent on horseback to give him some instructions. As soon as he saw me approaching he beckoned me to keep back and not expose myself. He left his own place of protection and advanced to meet me, to save my exposing myself. I could not avail myself of his self sacrifice, so rode rapidly forward to save him as much as possible, and delivered my orders. Having accomplished the object for which the campaign into Kentucky was made, the army retraced its steps, coming out through Cumberland Gap on the 20th of October, reaching Knoxville, Tenn., on the 24th. It was here that our beloved captain left us, never to return, or to be seen again by many of his company. A comrade thus speaks of his departure: Worn down by the fatigues of the campaign, Capt. Weston left us never to return. His age, pursuits and responsibilities might fairly have excused him from service in the field and his wealth would easily have purchased him a retreat or secured for him a position of ease and immunity from hardships and dangers. To prevent his return to the army, his admiring friends in the legislature placed him in an official position (that of Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina), making it his duty to remain in the State, and before the war ended he succumbed to his disease and yielded up his life, as much a victim of the war as those who fell by shot and shell. When she shall make up the roll of her true and tried sons, few names will be inscribed higher than that of Plowden Weston.

At Knoxville a few days of rest and recuperation were allowed the army, during which abundant rations of corn-bread and bacon were issued the almost famished men, in happy contrast to the scanty morsels of parched corn they had been subsisting on for days. To add to the delight of the Carolinians in that army, they received much-needed underwear, sent them by the loved ones at home. How truly well did our beloved Southern women heroically do their duty during those agonizing years—aye, even better and nobler than did the men themselves. Their deeds and sacrifices will adorn the brightest pages in

Confederate history and will grow brighter and more enduring with the flight of time. Apropos of this subject: In an old war-time scrap book appears the following letter taken from a newspaper of that era. It will doubtless prove of interest to you; hence is reproduced here:

“Camp Manigault, Georgetown, April 12, 1862.

“Messrs. Editors:

“Amidst the dark and portentous storm which now envelops and threatens our fair and lovely South with ruin, desolation and destruction, no picture of the ever-shifting scene presents itself to our admiring gaze with more attractive loveliness and emulative beauty than that of the untiring, cheering, constant and efficient devotion of our noble, lovely Southern women. Ever, amidst the cries and groans of the dreary hospital, bound upon errands of mercy and philanthropy, are they to be found, endeavoring by their ready hands, bright smiles and cheering words to let the sun shine and brighten the dark shadows of sickness with the soft tints of tenderest sympathy. Freely do they bestow their gentle and continuous devotion upon the afflicted soldier, and by their words and deeds enable him to bear his affliction with philosophic and Christian resignation, and cause him to often rise from his bed of affliction, with a soul nerved with renewed energy to perform deeds of lofty and noble heroism.

“ ’Tis woman’s smiles which lull our cares to rest,
Dear woman’s charms that give to life its zest;
’Tis woman’s hand that soothes affliction’s bed,
Wipes the cold sweat, and stays the sinking head.”

“I have been prompted to send you this short communication expressive of the sincere thanks which I feel for many ladies of Georgetown, and some from the Pee Dee region, for the numerous acts of kindness bestowed upon a large number of sick soldiers whom I have had under my charge for several months past at this place. To enumerate all the articles given, and the many acts of kindness bestowed with a lavish hand, would require too much space; but as a simple act of justice, I send you the names of those who constituted the board of visitors and who did all in their power to mitigate a sorrow or lessen an evil that could be performed, and by their cheering word and acts of kindness often alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted, and cheered the drooping spirits of the despairing:

“Mrs. Atkinson, Sr., Mrs. Atkinson, Jr., Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Dr. White, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Dr. Pryor, Mrs. Munnerlyn, Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Wallace, Miss Richardson, Miss Schermer, Miss Emanuel, Miss Mitchell, Miss Walker, and others. From the ladies of the Mars Bluff association I have received the following substantial articles which have proved highly useful and were very acceptable: Six mattresses, twelve comforts, eight handkerchiefs, six towels, seven pillow cases, and other minor articles for which they will please accept many thanks.

(Signed)

THEODORE A. DARGAN.

“Surgeon Twenty-first regiment South Carolina Volunteers.”

We will now go back to Bragg's army and move with it by rail from Knoxville to Stevenson, Ala., whence it marched to Tullahoma and then on to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where it went into winter quarters, preparing as best the men could to enjoy the first Christmas since leaving home—and a merry one it was. However soon after to be rudely broken by preparations for the great battle about to follow. On December 28 line of battle was formed in front of Murfreesboro. Company A on the picket line was deployed as skirmishers. A steep hill separated the two right groups, and Lieut. C. C. White commanding, from the remainder of the company, on the other side of the hill, neither of which could be seen by the other. In adjusting the picket line of the army a considerable gap existed between the right of Company A and the command on its right. This enabled a force of the Fifteenth United States Pennsylvania cavalry to unobserved get on flank and in rear of our picket line, capturing the two right groups and Lieut. C. C. White. Resistance was then useless, as they were largely outnumbered. The enemy were about to take off their prisoners—Lieut. White, Sergts. LeRebour, Earl C. Ellis, Privates Zack P. Elliott, W. C. Ogburn, George Cook, George R. Congdon, Gabriel L. Ellis, Julius Gamble—when Lieut. White, with rare presence of mind, rang out the command for Company A to rally on the right group. The command was promptly obeyed. Seeing their comrades intermingled with the enemy, our men hesitated to fire. Lieut. White then commanded. “Don't mind us; commence firing!” A well-aimed volley was poured into the Federal ranks, a number of them falling from their

horses. Our men in their hands grappled with their captors, released themselves and brought several of their captors, now prisoners, into our lines. All of the two groups regained their liberty, finally rejoining the company. Company A then rapidly changed front to meet the squadron forming to charge it. In doing this it placed a rail fence between Company A and the charging battalion, soon thundering down upon the now prepared command, which drove it back. Another and another charge was made by the determined enemy, with the same (to it) disastrous results. Their loss was appalling, two or three majors, Rosengarten Ward and Herring, killed or mortally wounded, their other killed estimated from 13 to 18, and from 50 to 55 wounded, while, remarkable to relate, Company A lost but one man killed and two missing. Gen. Bragg soon after heard of this affair from his aide, the gallant Lieut. Frank S. Parker, himself a Georgetownian, whose position on that day was on the left of the army to report from. Gen. Bragg promptly ordered Lieut. White to be promoted on the field, to be captain for distinguished gallantry, and the company complimented. In a correspondence held with Mr. Charles M. Betts of Philadelphia in 1888, among other references made to this engagement he wrote: Gen. Sherman informed me last summer, in speaking of this part of our history, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, that orders to our command were given to develop the enemy. We had been skirmishing with cavalry, driving them across Overall's creek, after which some prisoners were taken and a charge ordered, when an organized force appeared in our front. I was then first sergeant of Company E, and did not participate in the charge, being off to our right with some prisoners at the time, but joining the command immediately after the repulse. A force which regiment, was posted behind a worm fence, and on this the attack was made. It was said at the time our men charged up to the fence, mounted, and clubbed their carbines against the enemy on the opposite side. Major Rosengarten, in command, was killed, and Major Ward mortally wounded, and when I reached the spot I saw him, dismounted, coming towards us, supported by Sergt. Major Airy, with the blood streaming from his wounds, urging us to make another charge. We formed in line and moved forward, but your fire was too severe and we fell back. Our loss in this rash attack, as Gen. Stanley termed it, was exceedingly heavy in proportion to the number participating. The next day, the 29th, the

skirmish line, under a heavy fire, was withdrawn to the main picket line, where on the 30th the fighting was only secondary to that of a general engagement. On the 31st, ere day had dawned, our command was in line awaiting its turn to move forward to the attack, the roar of musketry becoming more and more deafening as it approaches from our left. Finally our turn comes, the trusted old Tenth wheels gracefully into position, and with a cheer springs forward to the attack. Company A, conscious of what is expected of it, is no laggard, the lines being near the opposing forces, soon clash in the heat of conflict! The enemy determinedly dispute every foot of ground, so that the battle rages with varying successes all that winter day. It was in one of these repeated charges that Sam Guilds, one of Company A's very best soldiers, received a severe and remarkable wound. Sam was an irrepressible talker; even then his voice could be heard. Capt. White hearing him, said using his favorite expression: "By Judas Iscariot, Sam Guilds, if you don't keep your mouth shut you will get a ball in it." His words were prophetic—Sam soon after received an ugly wound, the ball entering his mouth, knocking out some of his teeth, injuring the jawbone, and coming out at the back of his neck, the scar of which he carried to his grave. At this stage of the battle a Federal battery commanding a pike was harassing our troops, checking their progress. The Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina regiments were assigned the task of capturing it. They determinedly move forward to the attack. With a dash and a cheer they are soon in a death grapple for its possession; the enemy fought desperately as long as there was a hope of saving it, but finally yielded. The Carolinians do not stop here, but rush on until checked by the murderous fire of Rosencrans' concentrated artillery. Night here mercifully put an end to the conflict, casting its sombre shadows over the ensanguined field. Lines were established and much-needed rest sought, but who could sleep amidst the heaps of slain and the piteous moans and cries of the wounded and the prayers of the dying lying everywhere. The regiment's loss in this battle was 118 killed and wounded, Company A losing 15 of its number.

The battery of Napoleon guns captured by these two regiments was given them by Gen. Bragg, to be inscribed with the names of four of their most gallant officers who fell in that battle, and in turn presented to Gen. Beauregard at Charleston, who had asked Gen. Bragg for a bat-

tery from his capture at Murfreesboro. The following significant letter from Gen. Bragg accompanied the presentation:

“Headquarters Army of Tennessee,
Tullahoma, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1863.

“Dear General: It is a source of much gratification for me to be able to respond to your request for a battery of rifle guns from our capture at Murfreesboro. My aide, Lieut. Francis S. Parker, and Capt. C. C. White, Tenth South Carolina regiment, are charged with the mission of delivering these guns to you in Charleston, as soon as they can be put in proper serviceable condition. As the two fine regiments from that heroic State were conspicuously distinguished on the bloody field which yielded us these trophies, their able and gallant commander, Col. Manigault, has been requested to furnish four names from among the most honored of his fallen officers, to be placed on the guns. Accept them, general, as a testimonial of my esteem, and use them as you so well know how in defense of the great principles of civil liberty of which South Carolina has ever been the leading representative.

(“Signed),

BRAXTON BRAGG.

“Gen. Beauregard, Charleston, S. C.”

The fighting of the 31st of December practically closed the battle of Murfreesboro, both armies resting on their arms until the 3rd of January, 1863, when Gen. Bragg established his line along the Duck river. Our command was near the town of Shelbyville, where the remainder of the winter was spent in such diversion, aside from the arduous duties of the soldier in the field, as the ingenuity of the men could devise. A favorite occupation of those who were adepts was that of making rings, pins and other trinkets from the mussel shells found in the river nearby. These often beautiful articles found ready sale among the soldiers, who sent them as souvenirs to the loved ones at home. Sunday services under the arbor erected for that purpose were regularly held by our beloved chaplain, and were well attended by the men, who on several occasions also enjoyed the privilege of having sermons preached to them by such gifted, renowned and beloved divines as the Rev. Dr. Palmer of New Orleans and Bishop Quintard of Tennessee. When spring came rabbit hunts and picnics were indulged in. The chase

after the rabbit was as remunerative as it was enjoyable, as an extract from an army correspondent's letter to his home paper of that era shows:

The Rabbit Hunt.

“On Shelbyville, Tenn., April 18, 1863.

“On Wednesday last Col. Pressley, to change the monotony of camp life, proposed a rabbit hunt to the regiment (Tenth and Nineteenth consolidated). About all the officers and privates immediately accepted the proposition, and after arming themselves with sticks and making frequent whistles and loud calls for bolt, watch and ring, fell in and marched to the grounds selected for the hunt. Skirmishers were deployed. The enemy pickets were soon pressed and began to fall back, but not, as the enemy says, ‘slowly, cautiously and in good order,’ but they sustained their former good reputation for running and making a hasty retreat. After capturing a number of the advance, we marched upon the reserve, capturing and killing a large number. The near approach of night brought the conflict to a close. At the sound of the bugle our forces assembled on the reserve. When the colonel gave the command those having captured rabbits four paces to the front and report, 130 rabbits and 11 partridges had been captured in a few hours, without gun or dog. On Saturday, May 16, 1863, Manigault's brigade gave a picnic on the Richmond and near the Leesville pike, to which, among others, it invited Gen. Bragg and staff. The original invitation having been preserved, was some years ago sent to me by Lieut. Parker on Gen. Bragg's staff. The surroundings considered, it is a work of art, as well as being a precious relic of that tragic period, which I desire, with some other few mementoes that I have, to place in your keeping, knowing they will be valued for all they represent. When sending the Gen. Bragg invitation to me, Lieut. Parker wrote: ‘I commit to your keeping an emblem of my regard for our South Carolina commands in the Army of the Mississippi. It is at once original, memorial, instructive, a portion of the light literature, in fact, of a day dead and past, but which yet speaketh a very real day once for you and for me and many others.’ ”

In Middle Tennessee.

The spring of 1863 found the army in beautiful middle Tennessee, when preparations were being made for the opening campaign. Bragg had concentrated his army at

Tullahoma, offering Rosencrans battle, which he declined, but instead moved upon our communications. Bragg then slowly retired, recrossing the mountains, and early in July, 1863, took up position at Chattanooga. In September there was almost continuous marching and counter marching, manoeuvring for position leading up to the battle of Chickamauga. On the 18th of September our command was placed in position to draw the fire of the enemy, thus uncovering his position, then still more marching and some sharp skirmishing, until on the 20th, when the battle of Chickamauga was fought. It was 10 o'clock that day before Company A, with the Tenth, moved forward to the attack. A heavy fire greeted it from the first, but did not check its onward movement. When within charging distance, at the command, the regiment pushed forward with a rush and a yell; it was met with a murderous fire, but was not checked. The enemy yield slowly but stubbornly. All day the battle raged with varying successes, until about sunset, when the Federal right and left are entirely driven back, completely doubling up on each other. Night mercifully put an end to the frightful carnage on that ensanguined field. Company A's loss was exceedingly heavy in proportion to the number it took into battle, among whom were:

Killed—A. B. Skipper. Wounded—Lieut. J. P. Richardson, Orderly Sergt. J. F. Le Rebour, Privates D. M. Cook, Gabe L. Ellis, T. A. Mathews, S. D. Guilds, Julius Gamble, S. Hennessey, J. McLawhon, W. C. Ogburn, W. Stammers, R. C. Ward, J. D. West, E. T. Porter.

From Bishop Capers.

Our cherished friend, the lamented Bishop Capers, in his address delivered here at the unveiling of our monument, said this of our command: "These are the men who moved forward with the left wing of Bragg's army at Chickamauga, and shouted back in the evening of the day the notes of a great victory to their Carolina brothers under Gist, who also had fought their way forward on the extreme right, and sweeping around the enemy's left flank had been victorious participants in his rout and confusion." After his defeat at Chickamauga, Rosecrans took refuge in Chattanooga, which was invested by Bragg's army. A constant artillery duel was kept up by the contending forces; duties there were exacting and exceedingly trying to our men. Continuous rains and no shelter for our men added to their misery; hence there was but little regret when, on the afternoon of the 24th of

November, 1863, Grant's army was seen in our front massing for attack. Great gaps were made in the ranks of his troops from our artillery and rifles as brigade after brigade moved handsomely to the attack in our front, where his repulse seemed effective, but they succeeded in making a breach in our line to the left of our division. In addition to this misfortune, Hooker with his corps was reported to have gained the rear of our army. Our army was retired a short distance, where it rested for the night. The next morning the army took up the march for Dalton, Ga., where the troops went into winter quarters, building and occupying log houses. The winter there was spent in comparative comfort. Constant drilling, reviews, road and fortification building kept the men busy. Visits from relatives and friends, boxes of good things, with frequent letters from home kept up the spirits of the boys. Snowballing was frequently indulged in by large opposing forces, until in the excitement of the mimic battle some over-zealous comrade would put a rock in his ball and an opponent hors du combat. This led to a cessation of the sport."

It was here that Company A and the regiment volunteered unconditionally for the war. At this junction Gen. Joseph E. Johnson was placed in command of the army.

The Georgia Campaign.

The Georgia campaign opened May 7, 1864. Our army was opposed by a force at least double its own numbers. For the masterful strategy of its renowned leader, and of the endurance and heroism of the men, see the histories and study them well. Suffice it to say that it was almost a daily battle from Dalton to Atlanta, covering a period of about one hundred days. Company A proved equal to the calls made upon it. It took part in the battles of Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, and in other engagements of note. An incident of especial note in which Company A was the sole actor occurred at or near New Hope church. When the officer in command of the picket line, desiring to ascertain the locations of the enemy directly in front and hidden from view, asked for a company from our command to be sent out as skirmishers. Being in reserve that day, Company A was ordered to advance across an extensive open field. In the woods some distance across, the enemy were thought to be, and that they would open fire as soon as our men came within range of their guns. Our army, observing the movement, lined the works to see the result. Fortun-

ately Company A reached the woods before meeting the enemy, exchange a few rounds with them, and are then ordered to retire. The enemy did not follow. Company A moved back to its position, observing the same perfect alignment it had advanced in, and when near the works are heartily cheered by the Confederates who watched the movement. On the 21st day of July, 1864, Johnson's army occupied the trenches at Atlanta. Here Gen. John B. Hood relieved Gen. Johnson of the command of the army. A brick house known as the Hurt house, some distance in advance of our line, was considered a good point from which to observe the enemy's movements. Company A was placed in its upper story. The enemy discovering it was occupied, opened fire upon it with artillery. They soon get the range, knocking down the chimneys, which carry in parts of the roof not yet tinned upon the heads of devoted Company A. J. E. Holmes and others were there injured. That more were not hurt was considered miraculous. Company A was then ordered to rejoin the regiment.

Prepare to Charge.

On July 22, 1864, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Col. James F. Pressley, commanding the Tenth, in a clear, ringing voice gave this command: "Tenth South Carolina regiment, prepare to charge the enemy!" To a man the regiment leaped to the exterior of the works, quickly formed line, and at the command moved forward as steadily as if on practice only. Alec Mathews of Company A, a mere youth, said to those nearest him: "Boys, put your trust in God and do your duty." His words still ring in the ears of at least one of his comrades—the last they heard him utter. Ere long his pure, brave soul was in the presence of his Maker. Company A's advance was on the open pike, down which swept a scathing fire from cannon and musketry. Being the pivotal company of the brigade, it was delayed making its dash for the enemy's guns, as portions of the brigade advance was impeded by underbrush and other obstructions. Finally the command to charge was given, the remnant of Company A was soon on and into the enemy's works in a hand-to-hand conflict with its defenders. The result was decisive and will be given in the words of one who officially witnessed that terrible encounter, in which Company A lost heavily: Here fell those splendid soldiers, Lieut. Oliver P. Richardson, Orderly Sergt. Joseph F. LeRebour, Corporal T. A. Mathews, Privates

James Bostick, George Cook, Stacy June—killed. Corporal B. A. Deal, Privates Samuel T. Guilds, James E. Holmes, W. H. J. Lawrimore, John J. Morris, Robert W. Sing, Wily R. Shelly, Guerdon F. S. Wright, and perhaps others wounded. The command pressed on, driving the enemy before it. By the irony of fate, it captured a number of prisoners from the basement of the house out of which Company A had been driven the day before by the Federal artillery. Of this fight Col. Walker relates the following: On the 22nd of July at Atlanta, after the capture of the battery, I had it rolled to our side of the works. I detailed Company A to man it, in case the enemy advanced. When I did so, however, Capt. White remarked: "What in the devil do I know about shooting those guns?" I told him I realized he did not know much, most naturally, but that I had more confidence in him and his company to meet an attack of this sort than any other man or company in the regiment. These guns, however were not used then, but were saved to the Confederates and sent into our lines. The other batteries captured by Manigault's brigade could not be got within our lines. The report of the enemy as to the losses in the battery captured and secured by us says: In the battle of July 22, near Atlanta, the enemy made a successful assault on our left, which was held by the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps. They succeeded in taking our line of works, and with it the consolidated battery of Company A, First Illinois Light artillery, a dear-bought victory for the enemy. The casualties of the battery were 32 men killed and wounded, 55 horses were killed or captured, mostly killed; 16 of the 18 men lying between the guns to defend them were killed or wounded. In a book entitled "Atlanta," written by Jacob D. Cox, LL.D., late major general commanding the Twenty-third United States army corps, referring to the battle of July 22, 1864, he says: Cheatham pushed forward Manigault's brigade to the house in front of Jones, occupying it and firing from its windows, while a greater part of the same command rushed upon and turned the flank of Jones, forcing his men to fall back in disorder, losing the Illinois battery. The second line of the division also gave way, and here it was that the DeGress battery of 20-pound pieces. Parrot's was also taken. A great gap in the line was opened in the centre of the corps. Sherman himself, from near the Howard house, had this part of the field in full view, and immediately ordered Schofield to mass his artillery there and open upon the ene-

my's flank as they were crowding to the east. This was done, and the advance was checked with terrible carnage. After a few days of such rest and recuperation as could be had in the trenches in a stone's throw of the enemy, the command was, on the afternoon of the 27th of July, moved to our left, and the next morning was hurled against the enemy's strongly-entrenched lines. Assault after assault was made. The enemy were, however, so strongly and well protected by heavy fortifications they could not be dislodged. The suffering of our men, all day without water, subjected to the scorching rays of a July sun, in addition to the heat, smoke, dust and fury of storming fortifications, was well nigh maddening. The attacking column's lines were disarranged by charging across open fields in the face of withering volleys from cannon and rifles and by ditches and fences here and there. Notwithstanding these obstacles, now and then a squad of Confederates gained lodgment and comparative but perilous safety against the enemy's works. Not strong enough to grapple with them as on the 22nd, there they had to remain until nightfall made their escape possible. Even then each attempt to escape was met with a volley from their rifles. Among those who effected lodgment were the remnant of what their gallant regimental commander has been pleased to refer to as the immortal Company A. When the regiment, after repeated charges, had established its line and gone into bivouac for the night, the absence of Company A gave rise to the report which had gained credence in Atlanta that Company A had been annihilated. One by one the handful left escaped and joined the regiment about midnight. The terrible ordeal endured, the sad scenes witnessed, grief for their fallen comrades on that fateful day, though worn down by fatigue, sleep was but a mockery to that handful of survivors who drooped sadly around the lonely campfires.

“And in low tones the boys would tell
Of how some gallant comrades met
Their fate so stern, and dying fell
Long ere the burning sun had set.”

Among Company's A's casualties in the battle of the 28th were:

Lieut. James Preston Richardson, arm resected; Lieut. Joseph L. Easterling, lost a leg; Sergt. Earl C. Ellis, lost an arm; Ensign Legrand W. Shaw, arm resected; Private Washington Emanuel, lost an arm and died, and Privates

Gabe L. Ellis, H. Newman, Frank S. McCants, I. D. Singletary, J. D. West were wounded.

The Remnant of Eight.

At roll call the next morning eight saddened though defiant comrades, the remnant of that splendidly equipped company of more than 100, who on review soon after joining the Army of the West marching company front with the buttons on every man's coat to be seen at a glance down its line, eliciting the plaudits of those who witnessed its bearing, as also the encomiums of the commanding general, contrasted, oh! so sorrowfully with this ragged (some of them shoeless) remnant who, mourning the loss of their fallen relatives, friends and comrades, nerved themselves for the terrible work yet before them. About this time Capt. White, while on the picket line was shot through the body and regarded as dead. While being prepared for burial, evidences of life were discovered. He finally recovered and survived the war. During the dark days of the reconstruction period in the affair at Cainhoy he was shot almost identically as at Atlanta. These wounds evidently hastened his death, which occurred a few years after. His record as an officer was without a superior. He never asked his company to go where he would not lead, and on whose support he could always implicitly rely. Were his career more generally known, no officer of his rank and no name would shine brighter on the roll of Confederate fame than that of Charles Carrol White.

The wounding of Capt. White at Atlanta left Company A without a commissioned officer. In the siege of Atlanta that followed, continuing for 30 days, what with picket duty, building fortifications and answering numerous other calls, when it is remembered that in those two battles the regiment lost two-thirds of its number, and 20 out of 25 of its commissioned officers, Company A having lost more than three-fourths of its number, it is not hard to understand that but little time was allotted for sleep or rest of any kind to the men composing that devoted and heroic army. The line of the opposing armies were so close here as to make it dangerous for a man to show his head above the works by day. Firing was almost incessant, and of course there were casualties, but the return in the commands of some of the recovered sick and wounded so strengthened the ranks that when on the 30th of August the command made a forced march, taking the greater part of the night and until the after-

noon of the next day when without a breathing spell line of battle was hastily formed and the regiment hurled itself against the enemy at Jonesboro, Company A, though comparatively small, had recruited sufficiently to give a satisfactory account of itself in that battle.

The Ten Days' Truce.

After Jonesboro a ten days' truce was agreed upon by the commanders of the contending armies. At its expiration Hood pushed his army by forced marches into Tennessee. He succeeded in reaching the rear of the enemy at Spring Hill only to, while within easy striking distance, see him escape what appeared to be certain destruction. The Federal army, under its commander, Schofield, reached Franklin during the night of the 29th of November, 1864, taking refuge in the heavy fortifications there. The Confederates attacked them in this stronghold the next afternoon. Much of the most desperate fighting was done after dark, when the sheets of fire from the enemy's rifle and cannon resembled a seething, roaring furnace. Well may this battle be termed the Balaclava of America, some writer having so likened it. The slaughter at Franklin was appalling. The morning after the battle revealed a sight rarely witnessed on any of the world's great battlefields. An idea of the desperate fighting done there can best be formed from the descriptions of officers on both sides who fought there. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who commanded a corps in which was Manigault's brigade of Johnson's division, arrived at Franklin about 4 p. m.; the commanding general was just about attacking the enemy with Stewart's and Cheat-ham's corps, and he directed me to place Johnson's division in position to support the attack. Johnson was at once moved to the attack against the enemy's breast-works under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, gallantly driving the enemy from positions of his line. Brig. Gen. Manigault was severely wounded leading his troops to the attack, in this engagement, and of his two successors Colonel Shaw was killed and Colonel Davis wounded. I have never seen greater evidences of gallantry than was displayed by this division, General Lee further says. If it can be expressed in imagination, after the approach of the division was discovered by the enemy it looked as if the division was moving into the very door of hell, lighted up with its sulphurous flames. The division moved steadily forward

till they reached the intrenchments, and held their ground fighting heroically until after midnight. Col. Henry Stone of the Federal army, who also fought at Franklin, in an article in *The Century Magazine* on that battle says: "On came the enemy, as steady and resistless as a tidal wave. A couple of guns in the advance line gave them a shot and galloped back to the works. A volley was sent into their ranks without causing any delay in the array. A moment more, and with that wild rebel yell which once heard is never forgotten, the great human wave swept along. We were struck by the resistless sweep of Cleburne's and Brown's divisions, in that wild rush in which friend and foe were intermingled. The rebel yell rose high above the Yankee cheer, and with shouts of 'Let's go into the works with them!' the bold Confederates, now more like a wild howling storm, swept on to the very works without a check from any quarter. So fierce was the rush that numbers of our fleeing soldiers, officers and men dropped exhausted into the ditch and lay there while the terrible contest raged over their heads. The tremendous onset, the wild yells, the whole infernal din of the strife were too much for our troops to resist. It is impossible to exaggerate the fierce energy with which the Confederate soldiers that short November afternoon threw themselves against our works."

Judge Thompson, a Union officer, also in the battle of Franklin, says: "The Union soldiers were six or seven deep in an interior trench. When Johnson charged he encountered this fire as he approached the main line, and his men mingled with Brown's when they arrived there. I think the darkness was all that saved Johnson from annihilation, as he approached fully as much exposed as Cleburne was and opposed to stronger entrenchments."

Retreat of Federals.

During that night the Federal army retreated, leaving the field with its thousands of dead and dying in the hands of the Confederates. It next took up its position in the heavy fortifications at Nashville. The Confederate army immediately followed and fortified its lines. Between the picket lines of the contending armies was a large brick barn, reported to be stocked with coffee, for which the Confederate soldiers had an earnest longing. So it happened, as if by mutual consent of the men and without consulting their officers, they determined to bring that barn into Confederate territory. Whilst our regiment was on the picket line one day the skirmishers

became heavily engaged. So rapid and heavy was the firing our generals thought a general engagement was about to be precipitated. Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson, commanding our division, came out to the skirmish line. The fight of the barn was hotly contested, lasting several hours. Finally the enemy are driven back, our picket line being established in advance of the coveted, barn. That night a detail was sent to bring out the coffee, when lo and behold, it proved to be corn! The men, however, found solace in the prospect of havin a bountiful supply of big hominy. The next day each mess had its camp kettle on the fire, when orders came to move, supposedly a short distance, but as it lengthened, one by one the kettles were emptied, until for miles the command could be traced by the partially cooked corn on the roadside—another of the many disappointments to which the Confederate soldier was subjected.

On the 15th of December manoeuvring began, terminating in the battle of Nashville, fought on the 16th, resulting disastrously to the Confederates, of which time and space forbid a resume here. Of it Gen. S. D. Lee, commanding the corps, said: "All day Manigault's brigade held its works, repeatedly repulsing the enemy's determined attacks, and not until the troops on its left were seen hastily evacuating our works was the command aware of the line being broken. So sudden was it that Maj. Gen. Johnson was captured before he could reach and mount his horse." Gen. Lee further says: "I am aware that the Tenth South Carolina regiment did most efficient service in checking the enemy in the disastrous route before Nashville during Hood's Tennessee campaign." The Confederate army, under Gen. Hood, rapidly fell back to the Tennessee river, which was reached on Christmas day. With the rigors of winter in evidence on every side, half of the army barefooted and in rags, with scanty rations and no shelter, the track of the army being marked by the blood from the feet of its soldiers, beggars description. The intense suffering of the sick, the wounded and of all others who composed the remnant of that heroic army, if but half told would make the hardest heart ache.

Recrossing the river under the greatest difficulties on the 27th of December, 1864, the army was then transferred to South Carolina, arriving there January 19, 1865; thence to Smithfield, N. C.; next taking part in the battle of Kingston, N. C., and then in battle of Bentonville, in which Manigault's brigade pierced the Federal centre.

On the 26th of April, 1865, so far as Company A and the Tenth South Carolina regiment were concerned, the mightiest struggle of modern times was closed in sorrow and in gloom, when began the homeward journey of the paroled Confederate soldier. Of the ruin and desolation visible everywhere, the meeting with the loved ones at home, the vacant chair at every fireside, the dark days, months and years that followed, aye, if possible, more bitter than was the war itself, we will draw the curtain—the historian will deal with that era.

In 1874 the reorganization of the Rifle Guards, was deemed a necessity, when again it sprang into life under the name of the Georgetown Rifle Guards club, arms not being available from the State. A fair was held under the auspices of our noble, patriotic women, from which a sufficient sum was raised with which to secure about 100 Remington and Winchester rifles, with which the company or club was armed. The officers and others of the club who were able to do so paid for their own equipment. The uniform of the company was of gray jeans, trimmed with green; felt hats with greens feathers and cord.

The Officers Elected.

The officers elected were

Benjamin A. Munnerlyn, president; George R. Congdon, first vice president; S. Emanuel, second vice president; James H. Detyens, third vice president; A. McP. Hamby, orderly sergeant.

The club having been organized for home protection, its officers declined to accept commissions from the State. Some years later, when conditions changed, the officers of the company, with P. E. Twiggs as captain, were commissioned and the company regularly enlisted in the service of the State.

The long era of prosperity that has been enjoyed by the Rifle Guards under the command of your worthy, gallant and indefatigable captain, S. M. Ward, and since his deserved and well-earned promotion, Capt. E. W. Haselden, whose recognized ability, faithful and unremitting devotion to the efficiency of his company kept it up to the high standard achieved by his predecessor, under Capt. Holmes B. Springs, the fruits of whose painstaking and successful efforts are being reflected in today's important celebration, until now, when that coveted honor as well as the responsibility which accompanies it is in the

keeping of your worthy commander, Capt. O. P. Bourke. May your future career be but a reflex of your past usefulness.

Would Fill Volumes.

Whilst you, my comrades, have perhaps gleaned sufficient from the narrative to which you have listened to satisfy you that the original company measured up to the expectations of you, its survivor, yet it can truly be said that to properly portray the daily life lived by those men during those four eventful years would, if minutely penned, fill volumes of matter of absorbing interest. Yet if no record of its services had been obtainable, and, no other tribute paid to the valor of the Georgetown Rifle Guards than that by that hero of two wars, fit representative that he was of the highest type of the Carolina gentlemen, soldier, patriot and citizen, Gen. Arthur M. Manigault, it would have been forever immortalized in a service dedicated to God, State and Southland. Soon after the organization of the Georgetown Rifle Guards club, our beloved and revered comrade and pastor, Rev. William T. Capers, whilst preparing an address to be delivered to the club, wrote to Gen. Manigault, who was unable to be present, and who in sending his regrets wrote as follows: "I am most unwilling to individualize, as it would appear to detract from others who performed their duties equally as well, leaving nothing undone that became brave and patriotic soldiers. Upon Company A of the Tenth South Carolina regiment I always relied in the crisis of every danger, and no emergency ever occurred when they failed to do their duty. On many occasions no amount of heroism could stay the torrents of overwhelming odds, but the instances of success far exceeded those of disaster. From first to last I ever had such abiding confidence in this company that it was always a relief to me when in the presence of the enemy to know that its turn had come for picket duty, or to fill the rifle pits in our front. There would be no negligence then, no shrinking from duty. Their wearied comrades could take their much-needed rest with the assurance of perfect security from surprise. The admirable conduct of this company two days before the battle of Murfreesboro when, supported by a company of Alabamians, it repulsed with heavy loss three successive charges of a battalion of Federal cavalry, outnumbering them four to one, retaining possession of the field with its killed and wounded lying where they fell, and the personal prow-

ess of its Commander White on that occasion, is too familiar to you for me to repeat here.

Discipline and Courage.

“I was most vividly impressed with its discipline and courage on the occasion of the battle of the 22nd of July, 1864, when ordered to leave our breastworks near Atlanta, and attack the enemy’s entrenched lines a mile and a quarter in our front. The Tenth was the right regiment of the brigade, with Company A on its right, resting on the Augusta pike, this road running at right angles with our line of battle and that of the enemy. At its intersection with the latter the obstacles were greatest, and a formidable battery swept its approach. The regiment not having the protection afforded the greater part of the line by more undulating ground covered partially with timber and underbrush, I knew how terrible the ordeal would be, and moved rapidly to the point just before the final rush, to witness events for myself. Terrible as was the fire I beheld with admiration and gratified pride the steady advance of the Tenth; but conspicuous above all others was the unwavering impetus of Company A, whose ranks presented an unfalling target to the enemies’ fire of artillery and rifles. Everything to their right had succumbed to the furious iron hail. There was no support within striking distance, but this did not deter those gallant fellows. When the brave Col. Pressley gave the order to charge, they sprang forward with a rush and a cheer, leaping over and into the breastworks, when a furious hand-to-hand conflict ensued which lasted for several minutes, at the expiration of which time they were in possession of the works, and those of its defenders who were not killed, wounded or captured betook themselves to flight. Ofttimes has memory carried me back to that summer’s evening, and as often do I see that devoted regiment of veterans facing that merciless storm and Company A, with shattered and bleeding ranks, the pivot of the whole movement. Here it was that the gallant Lieut. Oliver Richardson, Sergt. LeRebour and many others lost their lives, leaving proud and stainless records, a legacy to friends and country. Company A, or should I say the Georgetown Rifle Guards, owed its superiority (for it was the best company I ever saw in the service) to the fact that its material in character was far above the average you meet with in like organizations, and

they possessed the faculty, so rare among volunteers, of selecting to command them those of their number best suited for those positions.”

The Parent Company's Message.

Comrades of the Georgetown Rifle Guards, a message from the parent company, though but inadequately told, is delivered to you, its offspring. A golden link riveting the past to the present, an admonition that in the performance of duty, however exacting, dangerous or disastrous the result may be, in its fulfillment lies the final triumphant reward of the faithful soldier.

To your guardianship is committed a sacred heritage, the exalted record of the company whose mantle has fallen upon your shoulders. Zealously guard it as you would the safety of your souls. Honor and cherish it as a gift far beyond the value of price. Then will they, who gave their lives for their State that constitutional liberty may endure, look approvingly upon you, feeling assured that the holiness of the cause, glorified by their deaths, is in safe keeping, and that their sacrifices were not in vain.

“Their duty done, they did not fear to die;
Weep not for them. Go mark their high career—
They know no shame, no folly and no fear.”

